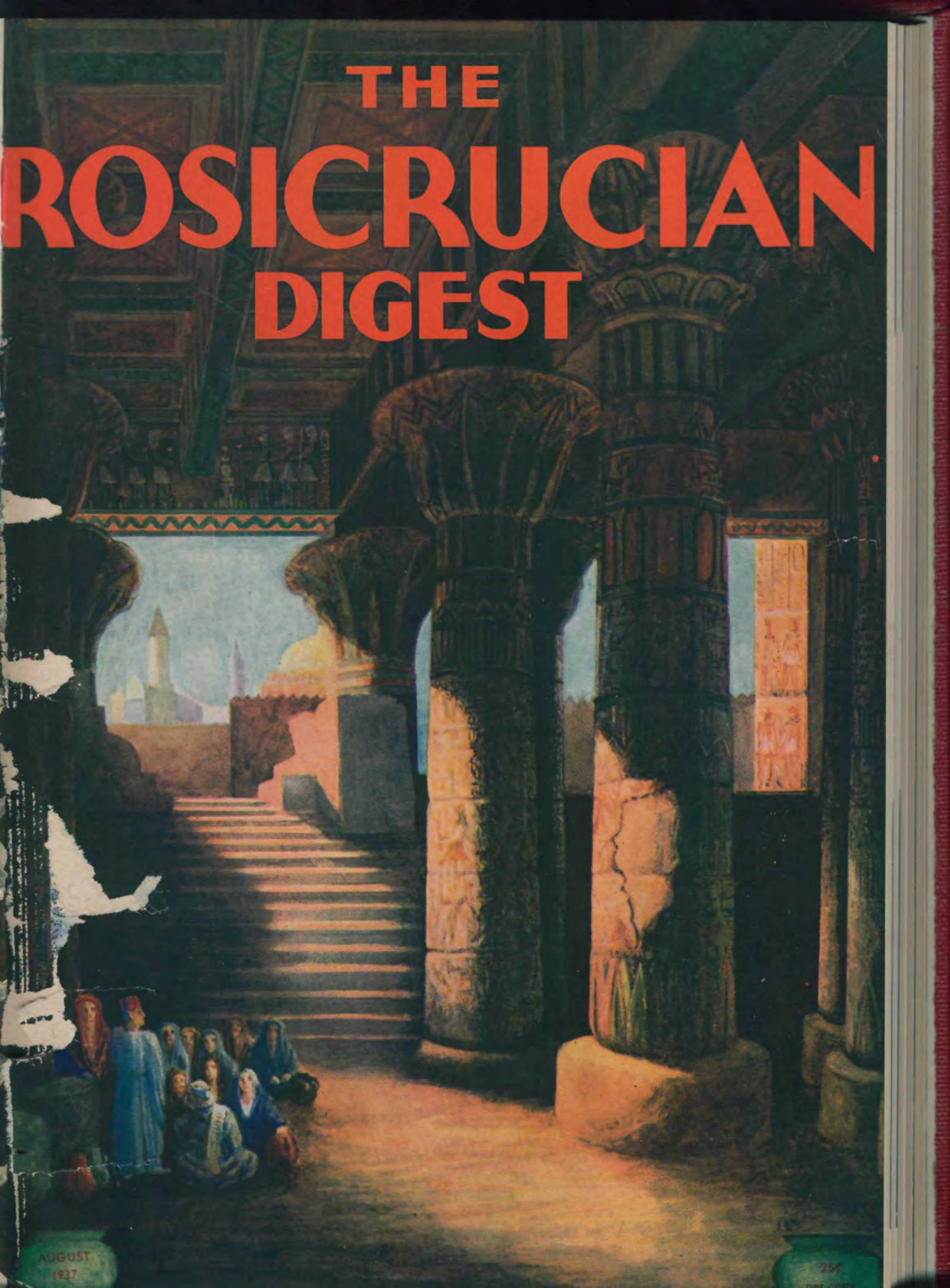


THE ROSIKRUCIAN DIGEST



AUGUST
1927

256



On the Wings of the Soul . . .

IN THE temples of yore, under starlit skies, kneeling and swaying to a rhythmic chant, the mystics offered their prayers to unseen Cosmic hosts, while in their midst a silver wisp of frankincense swirled upward to the heavens above. No mystical or devout ceremony was complete without its elaborate, ornamented incense burner containing scented resin or aromatic gum. The burning of incense was no fantastic superstition or weird rite, but the symbol of man's attunement in prayer and meditation with the great Cosmic consciousness. By inhaling its fragrance, man, while listening to the harmony of the chant, and with eyes closed to all worldly scenes, would have his sense of smell captured and be raised to a complete state of ecstasy. Thus, for the moment, his consciousness being free from distracting sensations, it could soar on high into the Cosmic realm as did the wisps of curling smoke from the burner before him. Throughout the centuries in the mystery and secret schools, the grottoes and cloisters, beautiful symbolic incense burners have ever been used.

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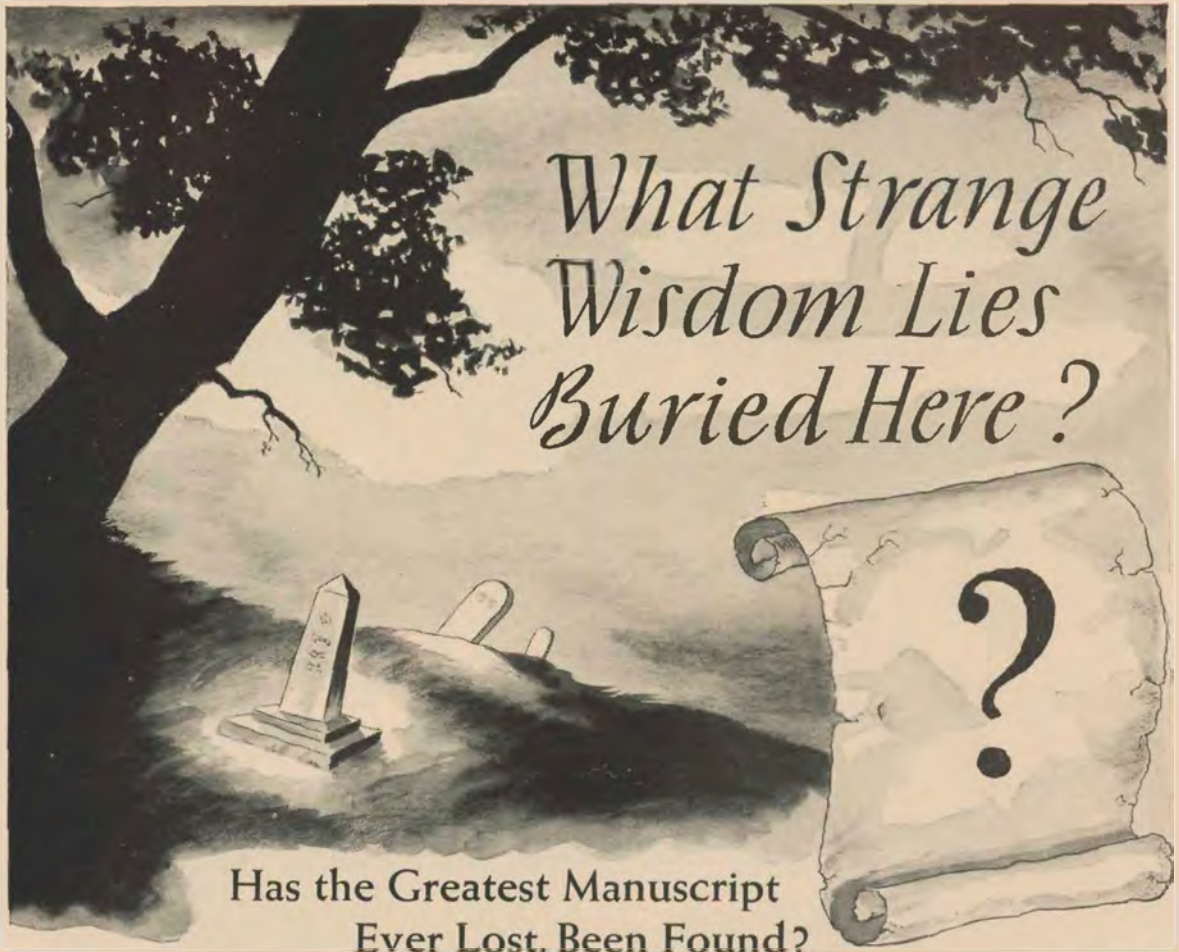
The ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU
ROSICRUCIAN PARK SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



SUN TEMPLE OF MEXICO

The similarity between the ancient pyramids in Mexico and those in Egypt is striking. The one above is dedicated, not to the sun as a god, but to its beneficence. The Egyptians likewise venerated the sun, but as a god, which they named Ra. The ancient peoples who built these great Mexican edifices are said to have migrated to North America from Asia, by way of the Bering Strait.

(Courtesy of The Rosicrucian Digest.)



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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol. XV.

AUGUST, 1937

No. 7



PAREZ



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ARISTOTLE



ST. MARTIN



NEWTON



BACON

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ROSICRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

THE
THOUGHT OF THE MONTH
WEAVING OUR DESTINIES

By THE IMPERATOR



SELDOM do we take time in our periods of meditation and concentration to reflect upon the processes whereby we weave our destinies and determine our future lives and future activities. Too often we take it for granted that we have a definite work to do here in this life, and that we should concern ourselves with what lies immediately before us, and give no concern regarding the future — the great future beyond the present horizon. Too many of us feel that if we make good preparation for tomorrow and for the years that lie ahead of us just this side of the spiritual horizon, we will be doing our duty by God and man and laying a sufficient foundation for whatever existence there may be for us after transition. Very often we take the attitude that "the distant future will take care of itself if we are diligent and mindful of the immediate future."

But the truth of the fact is that while we are plotting and planning for tomorrow, and tomorrow's tomorrow, and seeing our path only so far as it reaches the borderline of transition, we are actually laying a foundation for a future existence. Whether we are believers in reincarnation or not, we are all of us believers in the immortality of the soul, the survival of personality, and the integrity and stability of character. On the other hand, we know that that char-

acter, that personality, are built out of the elements of the experiences of each day, and that we are tomorrow the result of what we experienced and thought and created this day. Whether that future existence is purely and wholly spiritual in an invisible and intangible kingdom called heaven, or whether it is an impersonal existence wherein we are absorbed into the Consciousness of God and become a part of God, with no knowledge of ourselves as entities, or whether we will dwell in this indefinite spiritual kingdom for a time, and again incarnate in a fleshly body to carry on again an earthly activity, the fact remains that whatever of us is to survive this life after transition will be a reflection of the sum total of our experiences, our ideas, our ideals, standards and convictions, while in the present earthly body.

For this reason we should be more mindful of our acts and our thinking and the molding of our characters hour by hour and day by day. We may feel that what we determine upon today that will be of benefit to us tomorrow, or next month, or next year, is all that is necessary for our future happiness and enjoyment of all of life's blessings, but we should keep in mind that the things we do today and tomorrow, and the things we plot and plan for next month or next year, may have a direct bearing and may arouse or create a reflex action of some kind in our lives and in our characters in a future existence, where the things we do today may become of greater importance than they will in the remainder of this life here on earth. Many things that we plan to do next

month or next year, even with idealism, may be sufficient unto conditions that exist around us and in us in this earthly life; but if looked upon and analyzed in the light of the fact that those things have a bearing upon some very distant existence, we may modify our actions and we may remold our opinions and convictions and lay a better foundation for the immediate future as well as for the greater future.

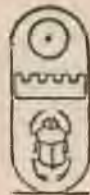
Some years ago a famous book was based upon an incident which was supposed to have happened on a bridge at San Luis Rey. The theme of the story was this: What had occurred in the past lives of a number of persons that brought them in this life from distant points in various countries to one little bridge in one little village, where they all experienced transition through an accident, and yet without foreknowledge, forewarning, or any personal relationship to one another that would have brought them together to have such a mutual experience? The book was especially appealing to students of mysticism and occultism because it made one stop and ponder as to whether or not some great Master of the Game of Life did not after all move us around on this earthly checkerboard from place to place, and bring us into relationships that are unusual and into situations and conditions that are unique.

I have recently discovered a very similar illustration of this idea in studying the life of that famous French soldier, the Marshall of France, Michael Ney. He was Napoleon's great military leader, and known throughout Europe as "the bravest of the brave." He was born in the same year as Napoleon, and both of them as youngsters went to special schools for military training. Sometime during their youth they met, and a friendship grew between them which ended only with their transitions. As I pondered over the strange workings of Cosmic Law that brought these two highly specialized military minds together from different parts of Europe, I began to search the records of Napoleon's life and of the life of Marshal Ney, and I discovered that the twelve great leaders who were most active in the Napoleonic campaigns and who had tremendous influence on the destiny and

national life of many countries of Europe were all born in the same year. The twelve included Napoleon and Marshal Ney. They were born in different parts of Europe and were unacquainted until some Cosmic Law brought them into contact with each other after having prepared each of them, not only for a military life, but for political activity, and having endowed them with special faculties and special qualities which would enable them to remold the political conditions of Europe.

In studying the lives and activities of these twelve men, I discovered that their destinies and their fates were much alike, and that each and every one of them passed through transition under peculiar circumstances and with historical notation, and with more or less fame and glory. Their lives ran along so parallel, their methods of thinking were so similar, their friendships were so strong and sincere, that they constituted an empire of human minds probably unequalled at any other time in the history of civilization. Even to the extent of being exiled or imprisoned or separated from their homes and friends at the time of transition, the parallels in their lives were striking. We may take, for example, the fact that while Napoleon was exiled on an island, his most intimate friend and one of the group of twelve, Marshal Ney, was self-exiled in America after having escaped from an "official execution" in Paris that never took place. On the other hand, a Murat, brother-in-law of Napoleon and one of the twelve, was exiled in a place where, like most of the others, he met transition through a murderous attack.

However we may look upon the life of Napoleon, and especially upon his ambitions and military ideas and political schemes, we have to admit that he had a tremendous influence upon the remolding of political, social and economic and other conditions throughout Europe; that he made as many friends as he made enemies, both politically and socially; that he reawakened the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of the people of France, particularly when such patriotism was at its lowest ebb and a glorious nation was face to face with threatened annihilation. He inspired many ideals, inflamed many magnificent pas-



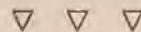
sions in the hearts of men and women. We may view many of his acts as being ignoble in motive or purpose, but we cannot deny that many other of his acts and intentions were as noble as any man ever conceived. He had as many strong points of character as weak ones, and he had surrounded himself with eleven similar minds and similar characters. Even today there are many cities and towns and many thousands of persons in Europe who pay high tribute to him and to his companions. Switzerland, for instance, will never forget that it was Marshal Ney, cooperating with the idealistic plans of Napoleon, who saved the country of Switzerland from dissolution through its continued quarrels and wars among its cantons. The patriots of Switzerland will always feel that the bejeweled snuff box which they officially presented to Ney, the monument they built to him, are only small tokens of the still greater monuments they have erected in their hearts to his memory and his achievements. Even the Duke of Wellington of England, the political and military opponent of Napoleon and of Marshal Ney, paid the highest tribute possible to Ney and assisted in planning for his escape from the unreasonable execution that had been ordered and decreed by the revengeful mind of Louis XVIII. And all of England concurred in Wellington's opinion. In fact, Napoleon and his group made friends of their enemies and won the admiration of their opponents. So far as love and esteem are concerned, Napoleon's great defeat was truly a victory.

But in thinking of these things we must remember that somewhere, sometime in the past, and undoubtedly in a previous existence, these twelve men had labored together or labored individually in behalf of some great plan,

some great scheme, which laid the foundation for their coming together again in such a strange and fortunate manner. It would be interesting indeed to know what each of them had achieved in a previous incarnation, or in a previous existence, what foundation each one of them had laid for the future, and what high ideals or what very definite convictions and beliefs they carried with them across the borderline at the time of their previous transitions.

No doubt many of us today who are associated directly or indirectly in our campaign for the awakening and developing of the inner self in the mass of mankind are laying foundations for the future and creating our courses of destiny, our paths of achievement, our careers of experience. No doubt many of us will be rejoined and reunited in perhaps closer companionship and in more intense activity, and historians of the time may wonder at the strange trick of fate that brought together so many persons of diversified nationality or tongue or social position in life.

Just as surely as we enjoy tomorrow and next week and next month and next year the fruits of our actions, the accumulative effect of our thinking, our studies and our experiences of today and tomorrow, so we shall be face to face with a standard of character and a path of activity in the distant future, resulting from these same efforts of today. We are all builders of our destinies, creators of our fate. But the stones in such a building and the elements of such creation are laid unconsciously and consciously in the things that we do and think, believe and take unto ourselves as parts of our character and our personality in each conscious and unconscious moment of the present time.



*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
August
1937*

Approach nature with expectancy, hoping to learn and not presuming to know.

— *Validivar.*

Two hundred forty-six



The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most advanced and highly developed spiritual members and workers of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. It is a focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at this time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called "Liber 777" describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members by addressing their request for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (Please state whether member or not—this is important.)

THE ALCHEMIST'S CATHEDRAL



*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
August
1937*

While their philosophical studies and scientific studies seem to center around the analysis of metals and their origin, and around the search for the elixir of life and the Philosopher's Stone, the truth of the matter is that they were

more concerned with the eventual discovery of the purification of the soul and the search for eternal life, than with the search for artificial gold. Accordingly, much of their time was spent in day-dreaming as well as in actual scientific experimentation. It has been said by some of these old alchemists, in their writings, that for every hour they spent in their crude laboratories, they spent ten hours in prayer and meditation and in spiritual speculation. In fact, we can tell from their ancient writings that they were more given to the contemplation of things spiritual and mystical than to the contemplation of things worldly and material.

Nearly all of these ancient philosophers and mystics had a place which we would call a sanctum. Whether in cave,

grotto, attic or other structure or place, they had a space set aside for their reading, their studying, and particularly for their meditation and prayers and hours of thought. This separated place, in which they often dwelt for many hours silently and in a spiritual attitude, was indeed a holy place to them. Regardless of their physical structure and location, of their crudeness and barrenness, and of their simple equipment, these holy rooms of the ancients became their cathedrals in every sense of the word. They visualized the width and breadth and space of their sanctums as being endless in all dimensions. They were limitless in their thoughts and limitless in their existence. In these places they allowed their souls and consciousness to rise to the greatest heights and to expand to boundless horizons. While in meditation they could hear the "Music of the Spheres" and see the magnificence of the radiant colors of the invisible sun that they believed to be in the center of the universe. They visualized God in all of His omnipotence as omnipresent and intimate.

In such places they found peace and harmony. They easily isolated themselves from the rest of the world and even from the problems which occupied

their time at other hours in an adjoining laboratory. They, too, visualized spires upon their cathedrals reaching the clouds, because they believed that their thoughts rose upward in spiral form. Here they found inspiration and the noble motives for their efforts.

Thus it is with the Cathedral of the Soul as we have planned it today. No matter where you live or how you may live, or what your problems and your social and business interests may be, you can take yourself apart from the world and apart from your physical and worldly self and exist as a soul in the Cathedral of the Soul. At such times you can worship and pray and contact those of similar mind and spiritual nature, and also find that which is the very body of subliminal existence.

If you have not found this peace, this joy, this purely spiritual existence for those hours when you feel the need of it, then send for our little book, Liber 777, which will be sent to you without obligation and which will point out to you how you may enjoy the blessings of this Cathedral of the Soul. Regardless of your religious creeds and dogmas, of your faith and convictions, you will find a real Cosmic and Godly welcome in the Cathedral of the Soul.



The Holy Guide

JOHN HEYDON, SECRETARY OF NATURE

Editor's Note:—This concludes John Heydon's Preface to "The Holy Guide." No doubt most of our readers are familiar with Bacon's "New Atlantis" and have been astonished to reread it under this title. For their benefit, and for the enlightenment of those other readers who would certainly have made the discovery at some future time, we point out a few interesting facts in this connection.

Historians of the Rosicrucian Order usually rank Heydon with Robt. Fludd, M. Maier, and Thomas Vaughan as the most famous "Apologists" of the Order, hence we are interested in the man himself as well as in any connection he may have had with Bacon's works. Heydon's books have been Collector's Items for centuries now, and books written about him have long been out of print, while Bacon's "New Atlantis" is obtainable at any library. Therefore, we have printed the work which our readers could not find elsewhere and ask them to compare the two, noting that Heydon has definitely disclosed Bacon's affiliation with the Order. You will find "The Temple of the Rosie Crosse" substituted for "Solomon's House," "Fraternity" for "family," "Rosicrucian" for "Wise Man," etc. (Some authorities claim that in the description of the Rosicrucian master Bacon drew a portrait of himself.) You will also notice Heydon's tendency to exaggerate by enlarging numbers—such as substituting 36,000 years for 37; 250 persons for 51; 900 cells for 40, etc.—and the changes made in names of places are apparent in even a casual reading.

However, the most interesting departure is the dissertation found at the end of this installment, where Heydon tells the Rosicrucian master his own life story! If Heydon had been "appointed to finish The New Atlantis" as some authorities claim, then his manner of doing so is open to criticism. Even so, it could be said that he probably confronted the same obstacles which caused Bacon himself to lay the ms. aside. (James Spedding says: "Here he was obliged to stop. He could not describe the process of a perfect Philosophical investigation; because it must of course have proceeded by the method of the 'Novum Organum,' which was not yet expounded.") However, it is more likely that Heydon was "appointed" to preserve the story in a form which revealed that which Bacon had veiled.

This does not seem strange when we recall the elaborate methods used to conceal Bacon's authorship of the Shakespearian plays and his affiliations with the Rosicrucian Order, at the same time making certain that the connection would be discovered by posterity. Furthermore, it seems that the parallel between these two works was not discovered for some time, although it is now generally pointed out by scholars who write of Bacon and the Order. Fr. Wittemans mentions it in "Histoire des Rose-Croix." In that informative book "Bacon, Shakespeare and the Rosicrucians" W. F. C. Wigston makes the "extraordinary discovery" which we have illustrated to you, hailing it as "so important, as to be impossible to over-estimate. For it throws a new light upon Bacon's life, his aims and his works," etc. and quoting passages from the two works in parallel columns.

Concerning Heydon himself, and his intentions in this and other matters, historical opinion is divided, running all the way from the esteem in which he is held by his biographer, Frederick Talbot, and the above-quoted Wigston, to A. E. Waite's uncomplimentary estimate. We cannot give much weight to the opinion of the last-mentioned author inasmuch as he appeared entirely ignorant of the true authorship of "A Voyage to the Land of the Rosicrucians" as he titled it, and dismissed it lightly among pieces "devoid of historical value"! continuing by specifying that the piece "which forms the general preface to 'The Holy Guide' is an interesting romantic fiction." However—though Mr. Waite's data on the Rosicrucian Order is not authentic—we do recommend that part of his book ("The Real History of the Rosicrucians") which quotes Talbot's life of Heydon and gives excerpts from other portions of "The Holy Guide." Here too, those who are interested in Heydon's astrological views may find the charts and other data which we have deleted from this installment.

Nevertheless, no information about John Heydon is as interesting or quaintly told as the colorful autobiography which follows. (We should add that some students surmise even this section to be by and about Bacon.)

The
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August
1937

Two hundred fifty-two



THE Rosicrucian Master is speaking:

"For the several employments and offices of our fellows, we have twelve that sail into foreign countries, under the names of other nations—but our seal is R. C. and we meet upon the day

altogether — (for our own we conceal) who bring us the books, and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call Merchants of Light.

"We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call Depredators.

"We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts; and also of liberal sciences; and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call Mystery men.

"We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call Pioners or Miners.

"We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call compilers.

"We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life, and knowledge as well for works, as for strange demonstrations of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call Dowry men or Benefactors.

"Then after divers meetings and consultations of our whole number, to consider of the former labors and collections, we have three that take care, out of them, to direct new experiments of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call Lamps.

"We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call Inoculators.

"Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments, into greater observations, axioms and aphorisms. These we call interpreters of nature.

"We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men, of our fraternity of the Rosie Crosse do not fail; besides, a great number of servants and attendants, men and women. And this we do also: We have consultations concerning which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not: And all take an oath of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret. Though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the state, and some not.

"For our ordinances and rites: We have two very long and fair galleries in the temple of the Rosie Cross. In one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions. In the other we place the statues of all principal inventors. There we have the statues of the West-Indies; also of the inventors of ships; and the monk that was the inventor of ordnance, and of gunpowder; the inventor of Music; the inventor of letters; the inventor of Printing; the inventor of observations of astronomy, Astromancy and Geomancy; the inventor of works in metal; the inventor of glass; the inventor of silk of the worm; the inventor of wine; the inventor of corn and bread; the inventor of sugars; and all these by more certain tradition than you have.

"Then have we divers inventors of our own, of excellent works; which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides in the right understanding of those descriptions, you might easily err. For upon every invention of value, we erect a Statue to the Inventor, and give him a liberal and honorable reward. These statues are some of brass, some of marble and touchstone, some of cedar and other special woods gilt and adorned, some of iron, some of silver, some of gold, telesmatically made.

We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of laud and thanks to God, for his marvellous works: And



forms of prayers imploring his aid and blessings for the illuminations of our labors, and the turning of them into good and holy uses.

Lastly, we have circuits or visits of divers principal cities of the kingdom; where, as it cometh to pass, we do publish such new, profitable inventions, as we think good. And we do also declare natural divinations of disease, plagues, swarms of hurtful creatures, scarcity, tempests, earthquakes, great inundations, comets, temperature of the year, and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon, what the people shall do, for the prevention and remedy of them."

And when he had said this: He desired me to give him an account of my life, and observations of my youth, that he might report it to the brethren of the Rosie Crosse.

"I was descended from a noble family of London in England, being born of a compleat tall stature, small limbs, but in every part proportionable, of a dark flaxen hair, it curling as you see in the Effigies. I had the small pox and rickets very young. I was at Tardebick in Warwickshire, near Hewel where my mother was born, and there I learned, and so careful were they to keep me to the book and from danger that I had one purposely to attend me at school and at home. For indeed my parents were both of them honorably descended. I learned Latin and Greek perfectly, and then was fitted for Oxford. But the war began, and the sun came to the body of Saturn and frustrated that design; and whereas you are pleased to style me a noble-natured sweet gentleman, you see my nativity: Mercury, Venus and Saturn are strong, and by them, the dragon's head and Mars, I judge my behavior full of rigor, and acknowledge my conversation austere. In my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote invisible devotion.

"I followed the army of the King to Edgehill, and commanded a troop of Horse; but never violated any man, &c. Nor defaced the memory of Saint or Martyr. I never killed any man wilfully, but took him prisoner and disarmed

him. I did never divide my self from any man upon the difference of opinion; or was angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent my self. I never regarded what religion any man was of, that did not question mine. And yet there is no church in the world, whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions and customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject. Whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, or disproving that, because Calvin hath disavouched it.

"Now as all that die in the war, are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. And I say, there are not many extant, that in a noble way fear the face of death less than my self. Yet from the moral duty I owe to the Commandment of God, and the natural respect that I tender unto the conservation of my Essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, political points or indifference: nor is my belief of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obstacles or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties. The leaves therefore and ferment of all, not only civil, but religious actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and I fear, but to pass through one fire into another.

"I behold as a Champion with pride the spoils and trophies of my victory over my enemies, and can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best Meditations do often defy death. I honor any man that condemns it, nor can I love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally love a soldier that will follow his Captain.

"In my figure (horoscope) you may see I am naturally bashful; yet you may read my qualities on my countenance. I travelled into Spain, Italy, Turkey, and Arabia. There I studied philosophy and writ my 'Temple of Wisdom,' &c. Con-

versation, age, or travel hath not been able to affront or enrage me; yet I have one part of the modesty which I have seldom discovered in another that is (to speak truly) I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof. It is the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us that our beloved friends stand afraid and start at us; the birds and beasts of the field that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us. This very thought in a storm at sea hath disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished, unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of mortality and none had said, *Quantum Mutatus Ab Illo!* Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the pupil in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself a complete bodied man free from all diseases, sound, and I thank God in perfect health.

"I wrote my 'Harmony of the World' when they were all at discord, and saw many revolutions of Kingdoms, Emperors, Grand Signiors, and Popes. I was twenty when this book was finished, but me thinks I have outlived my self, and begin to weary of the sun (although the sun now applies to a Trine of Mars). I have shaken hands with delight and know all is vanity, and I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice; yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the minutes of my days, not because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for the burden of a tombstone and Epitaph, nor so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere but in the universal Register of God.

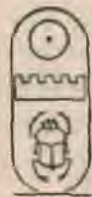
"I thank God that with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of Sheol or Tophet, &c., because I understand the policy of a pulpit, and fix my contemplations on heaven. I wrote 'The Rosie Crucian Infallible Axiomata' in four books, and study not for my own sake

only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. And in the law I began to be a perfect clerk. I wrote the 'Idea of the Law,' &c., for the benefit of my friends and practice in the King's Bench.

"I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. For ignorance is rude, uncivil, and will abuse any man—as we see in Bailiffs, who are often killed for their impudent attempts. They'll forge a warrant and fright a fellow to fling away his money, that they may take it up.

"The Devil that did but buffet St. Paul, plays, me-thinks, at sharp with me. To do no injury nor take none, was a principle which, to my former years and impatient affection, seemed to contain enough of morality, but my more settled years and christian constitution have fallen upon severer resolutions. I hold there is no such thing as injury, and if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury. There be those that will venture to write against my doctrine when I am dead that never durst answer me when alive. I see Cicero is abused by Cardan, who is angry at Tully for praising his own daughters. And Origanus is so impudent that he adventures to forge a position of the heavens, and calls it Cornelius Agrippa's Nativity; and they say, Agrippa was born to believe lies, and broach them. Is not this unworthiness to write such lies, and shew such reasons for them! his nativity I could never find: I believe no man knows it; but by a false figure thus they scandalize him. Indeed they have made him who is a Noble person, Agrippa, a base fellow by this figure. And so they may use me!

"Now, in the midst of all my endeavors, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied amongst my dearly beloved and honored friends. I do not fall out, or condemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for a modest reproof or dispute, if it meet with discreet and peaceable natures, doth not infringe the laws of charity in all arguments. So much there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose! For then reason,



like my hound Lilly, spends or calls out aloud, and makes the woods echo upon a false scent.

"When the mid-heaven was directed to the trine of the moon, I wrote another book and entitled it, 'The fundamental Elements of Philosophy, Policy, Government and the Laws.' After this time, I had many misfortunes, and yet I think there is no man that apprehends his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, me-thinks, be quartered into pieces. Yet can I weep seriously with a true passion, to see the merciless rebels in England forge debts against the King's most loyal subjects, purposely to put them in the Marshalsea, or other Houses of Hell, to be destroyed in prison, and starved, or killed by the keepers; and then two or three poor old women, for as many shillings, shall persuade the Crouner and the people to believe the men died of consumptions. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted party's misery, or endeavor to multiply in any man a passion, whose single nature is already above his patience. This was the greatest affliction of Job, and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury than the downright blows of the Devil.

"It is true, I had loved a Lady in Devonshire, but when I seriously perused my nativity, I found the seventh house afflicted, and therefore never resolved to marry; for beyond I am a man, and I know not how: I was so proportioned and have something in me, that can be without me, and will be after me; and here is the misery of a man's life; He eats, drinks and then sleeps today that he may do so again tomorrow, and this breeds diseases, which bring death, for all flesh is grass. And all these creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. We are devourers not only of men, but of ourselves, and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this mass of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths, this frame we look upon, hath been upon our trenchers, and we have devoured ourselves, and what are we? I could be content that we might raise

each other from death to life as Rosie Crucians do without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trival and vain way of coition, as Dr. Brown calls it: It is the foolishness of a wise man commits all his life; nor is there anything that will more deject his cold imagination, than to consider what an odd error he hath committed. Had my stars favored me, I might have been happy in that sweet sex.

"Then I consider the love of parents, the affections of wives and children, and they are all dumb dreams, without reality, truth, or constancy; for first, there is a strong bond of affection between us and our parents; yet how easily dissolved! The son betakes himself to a woman, forgetting his mother in a wife, and the womb that bare him, in that that shall bear his image. This woman blessing him with children, his affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from his bed to his issue and picture of posterity, where affections hold no steady mansion; they, growing up in years desire his end, or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawful way to love another better than themselves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his issue. And many take pleasure to be such fools.

"I remember also that this Quartile of Saturn imprisoned me at a messenger's house, for contending with Cromwell, who maliciously commanded I should be kept close in Lambeth-house, as indeed I was two years. My person he feared, and my tongue and pen offended him, because amongst many things, I said particularly, such a day he would die, and he died. It is very true Oliver opposed me all his life, and made my father pay seventeen hundred pounds for his liberty. Besides, they stole under pretence of sequestering him, two thousand pounds in jewels, plate, &c., and yet the King's noblest servants suffer upon suspicion of debt: A plot that carries a fairer pretence to persuade the ruder wits all is well, when the King and his best friends are abused; but why should I trouble my self! I do not, believe me, it is not hopes of a place, or a sum of money, or a commission that I look for; I shall peaceably enjoy my

friend, serve God, honor my kind and love the Bishops, and few men know who I am.

I look upon France as I do upon the Bear-garden; the dogs are always quarrelsome; and what is the difference betwixt a man and a beast? the one is virtuous, learned and wise; the other is rich, proud and foolish; yet indeed the first is most rich, for he studies long life, happiness, health, youth and riches and enjoys it.

Yet I know some will be spectators of this rude rabble. Suddenly dies an enemy to Reason, Virtue and Religion; and there are a multitude of these, a numerous piece of wonder; and these I number when they are taken asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together, make a monster more prodigious than any beast is in the tower (as Doctor Brown saith). It is no breach of charity to call these fools, as objects of contempt and laughter; and it is the style the Rosie Crucians have afforded them, set down by Solomon in holy Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these men in the same level with Mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies.

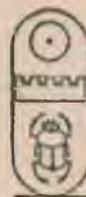
But, as in casting account three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them: So neither are a troop of these ignorant Doradoes of that true esteem and value as many a forlorn person, whose condition doth place them below their feet; and there is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and pre-eminence of his good parts; though the corruption of these times, and the bias of present practice wheel another way. Thus it was in the first and primitive commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and cradle of well ordered policies, till corruption getteth ground under desires, laboring after that which wiser considerations condemn, every fool having a

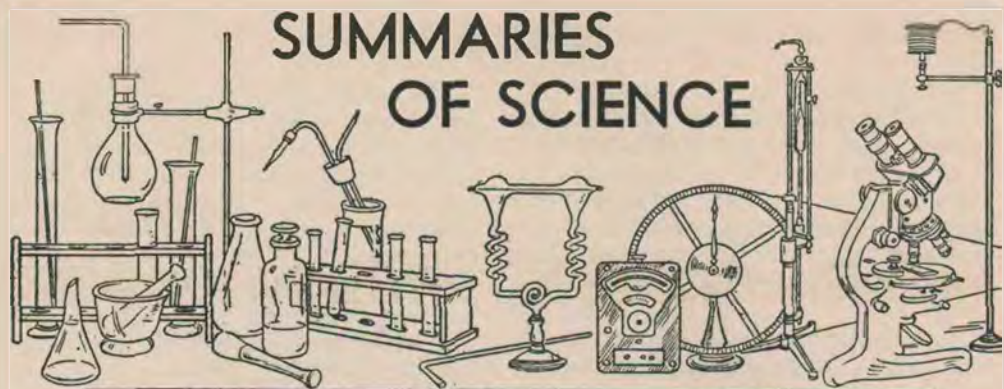
liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a license or faculty to do or purchase anything.

"I was by the fanatic Committee of Safety committed to prison, and my books burnt; yet I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for all the riches in England; and for this only do I love and honor my own soul, and have methinks two arms, too few to embrace myself. My conversation is like the Sun's with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad.

Methinks there is no man bad, and the worst best, that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities, wherein there is good. The method I should use in distributive justice, I often observe in commutation, and keep a Geometrical proportion in both, whereby becoming equal to others, I become unjust to myself, and subrogate in that common principle, 'Do unto others as thou wouldest be done unto thy self.' Yet I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfill and accomplish the will and command of God. This general and indifferent temper of mine, doth nearly dispose me to this noble virtue amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam. I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to Charity, the first and father sin, not only of man, but of the Devil, 'Pride'; a vice whose name is comprehended in a Monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world. I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it. These petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feather unto mine; and this is the observation of my life, I can love and forgive, even my enemies."

And when I had said this, he stood up and I kneeled down, and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said, "God bless thee my son, and God bless these relations, which we have made. I give thee leave to publish them for the good of other nations; for we are here in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me, having assigned a value of about 2000 lbs. in gold for the bounty to me and my fellows: For they give great largesse where they come upon all occasions.





SUMMARIES OF SCIENCE

Each hour of the day finds the men of science cloistered unostentatiously in laboratories, investigating nature's mysteries and extending the boundaries of knowledge. The world at large, although profiting by their labors, oftentimes is deprived of the pleasure of reviewing their work, since general periodicals and publications announce only those sensational discoveries which appeal to the popular imagination.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we afford our readers a monthly summary of some of these scientific researches, and briefly relate them to the Rosicrucian philosophy and doctrines. To the Science Journal, unless otherwise specified, we give full credit for all matter which appears in quotations.

Our Debt To the Past



WE LIKE to compare our advancement in modern times to that progress made by society or civilization three hundred years ago. We look upon our greater accomplishments of this era as an indication of greater individual genius and mass intellect.

However, our greatest scientists of the hour are no more profound thinkers than those of two hundred years ago, insofar as application of individual intelligence and reasoning is concerned. The results of the researches of today are undoubtedly more impressive, because they are more sensational and they are more sensational because they are quite practical, yet, the scientist of two centuries ago laid the ground-work for today. His discoveries were fundamental natural laws, purely academic in their immediate value, as a whole not very comprehensible to the masses, and thus considered by many to be of little consequence. The majority of our modern-day scientists are merely work-

ing with these tools of their predecessors. Taking the facts of the established natural laws—their heritage from earlier research workers — they employ them for the development of something of an utilitarian nature which, because of its remarkable helpfulness, captures the imagination of the public mind, and wins for the modern-day scientist a greater acclaim than that received by those of the past who made his results possible.

We have no better example of this than our modern radio which is a miracle to the average man, and for which he gives full credit to the scientific researches and developments of his own time. He perhaps has never heard of the great physicist Heinrich Hertz and his discovery of the Hertzian wave, which made radio possible. He knows little or nothing of Sir William Crookes and his experiments with vacuum tubes known as the Crookes tubes, which made the radio tube possible. He knows little or nothing of Michael Faraday and the great laws of magnetism which he discovered and which made it possible for us to have the complex and efficient radio apparatus of today. We could go on down the list of those of the
(Continued on Page 264)

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1937*

Two hundred fifty-eight



Along Civilization's Trail

By RALPH M. LEWIS, K. R. C.

Editor's Note:—This is the seventh episode of a narrative by the Supreme Secretary relating the experiences he and his party had in visiting mystic shrines and places in Europe and the ancient world.

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS



BY arrangement, early in the morning we met the Inspector, our dragoman, and porters on the bank of the Nile. We were fascinated by the quaint little boats with their patched sails, and their one-man crews, fighting the tide trying to reach a point directly opposite on the other shore. We watched patient little burros tread along the bank, laden with bales or crates, with masters who either walked along in front, or behind, tapping them on their flanks with a stick to keep their pace constant. Groups of native women sat in little circles on the road edge, waiting for the return of someone—patient, impervious to sun, flies, and insects. Their faces were covered, with the exception of their eyes. Most of them, unfortunately, had diseased eyes, due to the water in which they wash—when they do—and due to infection and lack of knowledge of sanitation and hygiene.

Finally we climbed aboard our frail craft with our equipment, and started across the Nile from a point where for centuries the Egyptians had crossed. As

we were swept along, there came to our minds the legends of the great ancient funeral processions which had crossed this same body of water. From the East bank of the Nile—the city of the living, because the sun rose with its life-giving rays in the East—they floated across, on great decorated barges with the sarcophagus of the departed, always at dusk, representing the closing of life and the crossing from this world of the living to the world of the dead. The West side of the Nile, therefore, or the city which existed there at that time, was called the City of the Dead, because it was in the West where the sun set at the close of day, and where darkness came.

It must have been a magnificent ceremony. We could imagine the chanting, the sound of strains of music on the river. In our minds we could hear the wailing of bereavement. We could mentally see the unloading of the sarcophagus—see it being carried on backs and shoulders of great Nubian slaves. We could see priests in ornamental costumes, bedecked with jewelry, emblems of their office, marching two abreast ahead, swaying from side to side in time with the rhythm of chanting and music. Behind came the military escort, the members of the court and the family of the departed. Behind them came, piled high on the backs of personal slaves, the



intimate belongings of the departed—great alabaster chests inlaid with ivory, hand-beaten gold masks and vessels, gems, rare woods, frankincense, pottery, beautiful tiles, magnificent furniture, hand-carved, showing great skill and craftsmanship. The procession would wend its way into the hills that became the tombs of the great—of the kings of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties.

Our musing soon ended as our boat slid alongside the crude landing. We loaded our equipment into a ramshackle car to be driven over a rough, ungraded road as far as possible, and from there to be packed on the backs of our porters. We started through this little valley with its towering limestone cliffs. Here were buried the Thebian kings—some forty-one of their tombs have now been located. We eventually entered various ones, going down their long, sloping passageways or ramps, observing painted on the walls the original diagrams showing the plan of construction. We learned that these plans were quite frequently deceptive, intended to mislead any vandals who might break into the tomb, as to its real arrangement. Treasure rooms were usually sealed in such a manner that it would take considerable investigation to locate them. When our torches were temporarily extinguished for a moment, and we realized the inky blackness of these underground chapels and mortuaries, the sensation was real.

On the walls were prayers in adoration of the gods, also inscriptions from the rituals which the deceased would have to perform in the after-world. There still remained some of the great stone sarcophagi or coffins from which the mummified remains had been recently removed, or which were empty when recently excavated. These tombs of kings were not as interesting historically, nor did they contribute as much to our knowledge of the times and of the people and their customs, as the tombs of the lords or noblemen. The inscriptions and hieroglyphics on the walls of these tombs of the kings were mostly concerned with their personal accomplishments, and self-aggrandizement, and with phrases from the great "Book of the Dead," a book containing the

rituals and ceremonies of the after-life. However, we did film the tombs of Rameses III, Seti II, and the one of the renowned King Tutankhamen, and others. The heat was unbearable to us who were not accustomed to it. The only shade was that afforded by the interior of the tombs themselves. The cliffs were barren, rugged, ghastly. They suggested another world—a world of the dead. They were used principally because they were the only stone hills in the immediate vicinity which would afford construction material for tombs.

We went, then, after a few minutes' journey, to the tombs of the nobles—that class of individuals who sprang up during the feudal age of Egypt and became wealthy and powerful, and who rivaled the power of the kings. They owned great estates, worked by both freemen and slaves, and built luxurious palace homes with mosaic floors depicting the cool waters of the Nile, and the green grasses which grow about it. The walls were ornamented with paintings of water fowl common at the time. These nobles enjoyed all the luxuries which the time afforded—beautiful furniture, tapestries, fruits, wines and vegetables—many of which we have inherited, such as romaine salad—wonderful jewelry made of gold and rare stones. They had great crops of grain, and skilled workmen, basket makers, cabinet makers, metal workers. These craftsmen had tools of bronze—saws, hammers, and many implements similar to those we employ today.

On the walls of the tombs of these nobles, painted in vivid colors—startlingly vivid to us, for it seemed almost unbelievable that the colors could be so bright after the centuries that had passed over them—were incidents in the lives of the people of the estates. Thus we know how they were employed, what they did. There are scenes showing the gathering of grain, showing the scribe recording the bushels. Scenes showing the crushing of the grapes, and making of wine. Others show the tilling of fields with ploughs; and we see in these first ploughs used a similarity to ours of today. The Egyptians of this period had gone beyond hoe-culture and had developed agriculture. We see irrigation canals, the first in the world. We

see the chariot makers; we note the fishermen preparing to set out with their nets. We note the intimate family life of the noble. Here he is entertaining guests, with children playing in the same room at a game that resembles our draughts or checkers. We observe that the noble had but one wife, whom he respected and who shared equally with him all of his powers, privileges, and property rights. Here, on the walls of these tombs, history is unfolded.

We then visited splendid Der-El-Bahri, or the mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsut (see picture in April, 1937, Digest). This great tomb-temple, now being restored to its original condition as nearly as possible, was built for Hatshepsut by her architect and vizier, Hapuseneb. Considerable enmity and jealousy existed in later life between her King husband and herself. It is related that he was envious of his wife's power in the Egyptian empire. And later, when she died, he ordered her cartouche or signature eradicated from the great obelisks which she had erected during her time.

On either side of the great ramp which leads to the outer courtyard of this temple-tomb we saw what seems to be just a great, dry root protruding from the sand of the desert. These two roots are all that is left of two great trees which were once on either side of that ramp and which had been imported from far up the Nile, from equatorial Africa, by emissaries of the queen so that she might have shade. It is also said, that where now there is naught but desert surrounding this temple-tomb, there were once flourishing gardens. The tomb itself is deep in the face of the cliff which is immediately behind the temple.

Our journey next brought us to the temple of Medinet Habu, which was built to the god, Amon. Though mammoth in size, with gigantic columns and pylons, it reveals a decadence in architecture. The reliefs tell of the great campaigns of the pharaoh; show his naval battles; we see his mercenaries or hired soldiers capturing the revolting subjects of the countries which comprised his empire; we study the weapons they used—spears, shields, swords, armor; we examine the type of war gal-

leys. The architecture is decadent in comparison with that of other temples we have seen because there is no uniformity of design. One finds square columns, short, ill proportioned ones, others tall and graceful, with capitals of different sizes and designs, some plain, others highly ornamented.

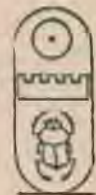
Climbing to the top of a great pylon through a narrow stone passageway, we had an excellent view of the plain around it, and the Nile a mile or two distant. Where we stood, some seventy-five feet above the ground, had stood the defending warriors many times before, hurling stones or spears at the attacking invader below.

We left Medinet Habu, and finally the Valley of the Kings, to admire—at a distance of some several hundred yards—the Colossi of Memnon. These enormous statues were erected by Amenhotep III as an outer gateway to a great temple which is no longer in existence. They were surrounded by water as the land around them was inundated by the rising Nile. It made a thrilling picture, for the clear, still water reflected their mysterious images. Completing a full day, we returned again to Luxor, but on the following day went back for further detailed photographing, as our first trip was only sufficient for us to plot out those sections or portions of all the things we saw which we believed to be the most impressive and which would convey, to future audiences who would see our films, a better impression of the greatness of that which we had the privilege of seeing personally.

It was while crossing the Nile after our second day on the West bank that Habachi said to us suddenly, "I believe I can arrange to have you film with your cinema, for the first time, an interesting demonstration which I feel will prove of interest to your friends and your countrymen."

We asked him what it was, and he stated, "I cannot comment more freely at this time, for I must inquire further before I can be certain. But if you will come to my office early tomorrow morning, I will be prepared to tell you more, I am sure."

His way of arousing our interest to a certain point and then telling us no



more was exciting, and the following morning found us early at his office. We did not know what to expect, because for the last few days he had given us entree into tombs which were ordinarily locked and barred to the public; he had ordered attendants and guards to make available to us places which are recorded only in historical texts and have never before been photographed for public examination; so we felt this would truly be something unusual.

Habachi began, "There is an Egyptian by the title and name of Sheikh Moussa-El-Hawi, who has an unusual power of sensing or detecting by smell and other means—perhaps you will call them mystic—the presence of venomous snakes and insects. He also has the means of subduing these snakes, making them docile, although at times I understand he has been bitten by them, and in fact has lost his two sons who inherited this power of detecting snakes; they were seriously bitten."

Immediately there flashed into our minds the accounts that had been published of this individual in American magazines at different times, though of course we had never seen a picture of him and no picture had ever been published of him. I asked, "He will perform for us?" He said, "Yes, gladly, as a courtesy to me." "When?" we chorused, and he replied, "He awaits in the courtyard and will accompany you to wherever you wish."

I asked if the demonstration could be delayed for a few minutes while we rushed to the hotel to obtain the presence of the balance of our party—Frater and Soror Harry L. Shibley and Soror Lewis. He consented, and in a few minutes we returned, breathless, for the demonstration. Naturally we wanted to assure ourselves that this was to be a genuine demonstration and not the trickery common among snake charmers in the Orient. Habachi said, "He is not a snake charmer; he has no snakes with him. He will gladly remove all his garments for your inspection and examination." And, in fact, he did remove all his garments except his loin cloth to assure us none were concealed on his person.

Habachi continued, "He will go wherever you wish, to call out these

snakes, so that you may be certain that he has not by any prearrangement placed snakes in places where he would recommend that the demonstration be held."

This was fair enough. There could be no trickery under such arrangements. We suggested, therefore, the interior of Luxor Temple. We all accompanied Sheikh Moussa-El-Hawi to Luxor Temple. He was a strange individual; his very presence caused one to shiver, to have a frigid feeling along the spine. His eyes were like a reptile's, piercing and black. His face was strange, slightly distorted; his clothes had a peculiar odor. He looked neither to right nor to left, nor even at the ground before him as he walked ahead of us. (See picture in March, 1937, Digest.) Suddenly he stopped and said in broken English, to no one in particular but audible to all of us, "I shall now, with your consent, proceed."

Frater Brower asked Inspector Habachi, "Will the snakes and insects which he calls out from the debris of the ruins be within ten, twenty-five, or fifty feet of us as we wish to know just exactly where to set up our cameras?" We had three cameras to record the incident—a professional cinema, a Graphlex still camera, and another.

Habachi spoke to him in Arabic, and then said to us in English, "He says he knows there is a scorpion right near him and a cobra not far distant."

Moussa, tilting his head backward and sniffing the air as a bloodhound would, apparently caught the scent, as he called it, of what he was searching for, and then he broke out in the weirdest chant I ever heard—a chant in Arabic, starting slowly with deep intonation, and increasing in rapidity and pitch till it eventually reached a frenzied shrill tone; repeating again and again. The man was obviously working himself into some sort of emotional state. At the height of this frenzy, and after walking about in circles from ten to twenty feet distant from us, he suddenly stopped before one of the rocks at his feet, reached down, rolled up his sleeve, baring his arm, tugged at the rock, threw it backward, and reaching in the cavity it had made suddenly brought forth a hideous golden-colored scorpion. He

held the scorpion in his hand so that it was visible to us and easily photographed. We noticed that it was continually striking at him with its barbed appendage. When it pricked the flesh of his finger, he would wince at the pain, but showed little or no concern otherwise. At first this was repulsive to all of us, and yet it was so awesome and fascinating that we could not turn from his further demonstrations.

Returning the scorpion to its place, he then walked ahead for perhaps thirty-five or forty feet. We followed him. Suddenly he stopped and again went through the peculiar gesture of detecting some strange scent, and also broke forth with his incantation. Frater Brower, with my aid, hurriedly again set up the cinema equipment.

Habachi turned to us and stated, "This time it is a cobra."

"How," I whispered, "do you know?"

He stated, "His chant is different."

"What is this strange incantation?"

I asked. Habachi said he was calling these serpents, as representatives of Satanical power, in the name of Allah, to expose themselves, to come forth—that a greater power than they was giving the command. Finally he stepped over to a little embankment. We noticed the embankment was pock-marked with holes. Rolling up the sleeve of his robe again, he plunged his bared arm down one of these holes to the depth of his elbow. He was apparently struggling with something. I turned to Habachi with a quizzical look on my face. Anticipating my question, he said, "He has one."

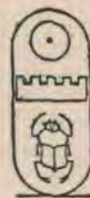
We formed a semi-circle at a safe distance behind Sheikh Moussa-El-Hawi, and finally out it came. He had pulled the cobra by its tail out of its hiding place. He threw it before him. Immediately it endeavored to get away; it started to crawl back toward its hole. He increased the rapidity of his chanting and a strange light was in his eyes; his face was twisted and grotesque, and as if in a fury he jumped up and down in his bare feet in the dust before the reptile, calling it in the name of all the powers that he knew to return to him. Slowly the snake, as if it had been drawn against its will, turned and crawled back toward him, apparently

fighting against some influence stronger than itself. When immediately before him, it coiled and swayed from side to side. Continually chanting, he slowly reached down, picked up the reptile which coiled its body tightly around his arm, and held it before his face. The cobra had inflated its hood and struck at him several times, but by a twist of his wrist he threw the reptile off balance so it would miss its aim and he was not bitten. All this time Frater Brower was faithfully recording this strange incident on film, and as we today see the same scene on the film, we recall the strange feeling we had that this individual was not just a snake charmer but did exert some strange power over these reptiles.

The demonstration was repeated from time to time, and at the close of the last demonstration we offered him compensation, but he haughtily refused it, waved us aside with his hand, and marched on, apparently indifferent to our words of appreciation and gratitude for his demonstration. We were deeply grateful for this unusual opportunity to record this scene, and thanked Inspector Habachi profusely. (Note: Sheikh Moussa-El-Hawi has just died in Gizeh of a cobra bite, so a recent news cable reports.)

The balance of the day was spent in negotiating for the purchase of an unusual collection of exhibits for the Rosicrucian Egyptian Oriental Museum—relics worth a considerable sum because of their age and because they were the property of renowned personages. Each of these antiquities had to be inspected by Habachi before being exported from Egypt, as it is now the custom of the Egyptian government to permit the exportation of only those things of which it may have a likeness, and those things which are authentic, so as not to bring ridicule upon Egypt.

I will never forget the stroll we took with Habachi down to the edge of the Nile just as the sun was beginning to set. Its rosy glow spread over the water; the air was now cool and pleasant. It was our last night in Egypt; we were reluctant to leave. We were thankful to the Inspector for what he had done and had helped us to accomplish. We had just finished again expressing our gratitude, and were about to return



to our hotel, expecting him to accompany us part way, when he said, "I leave you here. I am crossing the Nile."

We were surprised, and said, "At this hour? It will be quite dark before you return."

With a peculiar smile he looked straight into my eyes and said, "I am not returning tonight. I sleep on the West bank."

Frater Brower stated, "Oh, then you have another office, or an abode across there."

He said, "My abode shall be the Temple of Medinet Habu."

Frater Brower and I looked at each other. "You are sleeping in that great temple tonight, by yourself? Why?"

Smiling again, he said, "You are students of mysticism; you are Rosicrucians, are you not?"

"Yes," was our reply.

"Then you have my answer."

We were astounded. Apparently he was returning to spend the night in an environment and atmosphere of his ancient ancestors, to be surrounded by memories of their achievements, to dream of their hopes, and aspirations, to try and visualize the scenes that took place there, to gain from those great stone walls and the inscriptions, dark shadows and absolute silence, some idea of their inner ideals, of things left undone—perhaps to quicken his own consciousness, to help him carry on, to keep alive in Egypt what they had begun centuries before.

Slowly we turned and in silence left him, we to leave Egypt, to pass another milestone along civilization's trail.

(To be continued)

OUR DEBT TO THE PAST

(Continued from Page 258)

past and recite the discoveries of many eminent physicists who were pioneers in affording us our modern conveniences. We must not, therefore, overlook our debt of gratitude to the great workers who have gone before and upon whose shoulders we stand, as Dr. F. R. Moulton, permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently said. In connection with this it is interesting to read the following, which is part of his address:

"In certain respects the steep trail science has been traveling in recent decades must soon change to a gentler slope. For example, the number of scientists in the United States has been increasing at a much higher rate than its total population. If the present geometric rate of increase of the names included in "American Men of Science" should continue even for only 150 years, this biographical book would contain sketches of the lives of more scientists than there will probably be persons in the United States at that time. In a comparable period the publication of papers on biology or chemistry would use up the printing capacity of the land. At that time a biologist or a chemist

would have to spend several months each year even to glance over an abstract of *Biological* or *Chemical Abstracts*. The biologists and the chemists would have to be in continual convention in a hundred centers in order to present brief digests of their investigations. To operate their electrical equipment physicists would use more energy than all of industry and transportation. Evidently these things would not happen. Science is now in the rapidly growing springtime of its existence. Its roots are in fertile soil and its branches are rapidly pushing out in all directions.

"It is probable that scientists do not generally realize that in an exceptional way they stand upon the shoulders of their predecessors and that for this reason their progress is exceptionally rapid. A scientific principle once established becomes the property of all science; a piece of apparatus once constructed becomes a pattern for later apparatus of the same kind. But not to the same degree is a work of art or a moral principle or even a social order a stepping stone for its successor. For example, there has been more improvement in electric lights in a decade than

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Highlights

SOME OF THE IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE RECENT TOUR TO EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, AND MEDITERRANEAN CITIES

By THE EMPEROR



TO GIVE even a brief summary of our entire itinerary would fill too many pages of too many issues of this magazine, and I believe that the majority of our members would prefer to have only an outline of the important and outstanding features

of this very unusual tour.

A large number of us left the Pacific Coast in special cars on Monday, January 25, and journeying in a zigzag method across the United States, we picked up many more members until a large party of us arrived in New York on the morning of January 29, and registered at the Rosicrucian Tour offices in the Hotel Martinique where we met scores of other members and tourists who were waiting for us, and who arrived throughout the day.

Early in the morning of Saturday, January 30, we left the Hotel Martinique in a long caravan of taxicabs and went aboard the beautiful ship *Rex* of the Italian Line. After a few minutes' exploration of the ship we were quite satisfied that the *Rex* was not only a

very beautiful ship, but so conveniently and thoughtfully laid out in its arrangements of lounge rooms, library, deck space, and many other features, that we were certainly going to have an interesting trip.

About ten hours after we were out at sea a number of members began to make comments about the arrangement of the portholes in the various rooms, and this became quite an outstanding topic of humorous comment throughout the trip. Those who believed themselves extraordinarily fortunate in having a large, or an extra, number of portholes in their rooms soon discovered that these portholes meant little or nothing, because as the sea became high and the waves dashed against the side of the boat (without causing unnecessary disturbance) the portholes were closed with large metal plates in order to prevent any injury to the glass in the windows, and therefore the portholes became useless for sight-seeing.

We found the *Rex* very steady and satisfactory as a ship. Since we were touring in the winter months, it was to be expected that there would be a few days of stormy weather when the ship would roll a little, and a few members found it a little more convenient and comfortable to remain in their state-rooms—especially in a lying-down posi-



tion—and there were a few days when the boat inclined one way or the other to a more or less unnecessary degree, and especially one afternoon when a few of us found it impossible to remain stationary on the deck or in the lounge rooms without sliding a bit.

Despite the fact that we were three or four weeks on the one ship going from port to port after a long journey across the Atlantic Ocean, there were very few of the approximately one hundred and fifty members in the party who could say that they were really ill, or suffering from *mal de mer* to the degree that is so humorously referred to. And there were no serious accidents, and certainly no serious delays in any feature of our itinerary.

As might be expected, the cuisine and service on the Italian Line ships were of the very highest grade. We received the most courteous attention, everything was scrupulously clean, and there was a kindness on the part of all of the officers and stewards on the boat that made the trip very enjoyable. In fact, I may say at this point that at the conclusion of the tour a large majority of those in the party who had ever toured before on other ships and had crossed the Atlantic, agreed that if they ever went to Europe again or to any distant point, they would certainly use the Italian Line and its ships in preference to any other they had ever used. I know that this is my decision, and the decision of my family, and we have made many tours on many ships, and are qualified to say that the Italian Line ships (three of which we used on this tour) and its services, and every feature, represent the utmost in every point. It makes cruising and touring a real pleasure along with safety and convenience.

I think that all of our members will agree with me in saying that one of the most picturesque and entertaining, as well as mystically inspiring, visits we made was at the Island of Madeira. It has a magnificent setting, is unique in the matter of scenery, gardens, gorgeous fields of flowers, customs, habits, costumes of the people, architecture, etc. Then there was the wonderful luncheon at the top of the mountain that used to be the mountain of the Temple of Music in the times of the Lost Atlantis, and

the mystical demonstration of music which AMORC was able to arrange and provide for, and which will probably never be forgotten by those who participated in it. This incident was talked about more throughout the tour than many of the more elaborate features.

Our stops and visits to Algiers, Naples, Athens, and other Mediterranean ports were instructive in both a mystical and educational way, but of course our week's visit in Egypt was the principal goal and inspiration of the tour.

Our hotel accommodations at the largest and most luxurious hotel—the Heliopolis, located in the ancient Sun City of Egypt—represented a period of luxurious rest and enjoyment that will never be forgotten. But along with this interesting incident of our Egyptian visit were, of course, the visits to the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid, and then eventually to the Egyptian desert where we stopped overnight and had a mystical ceremony at midnight. Here an unusual thing occurred when we all witnessed and participated in both a sandstorm on the desert and a heavy rainstorm—two Cosmic features added to the program without announcement, and quite unusual for the average tourist.

The jaunt across the desert on camels, the mystical ceremony, the ancient Egyptian adoration to the rising sun across the Nile in the morning, the camel ride around the Pyramids, and the climbing up the side of the Pyramid, are certainly features that our members will remember for a long time. Those members representing the Hierarchy and highest circle of our members, including the Supreme Officers, were admitted by the Brotherhood in Egypt to a number of secret pasageways within the Pyramid, and of course this feature will always remain as an important event in their lives.

Incidentally, I am sure that our members throughout the country will be glad to know that the Supreme Colombe whom they so generously helped to participate in this tour, was honored at every point and place in a special manner, and was permitted to go into the Pyramid, and into the most secret places

in every mystical community that we visited. And she performed the duties of Colombe in the mystical ceremony not only at midnight on the desert in Egypt, but at a special service in the Grand Lodge of Switzerland where she was robed and permitted to sit in the East as Colombe. She was also honored at banquets and secret meetings in European cities including Paris, Brussels and London.

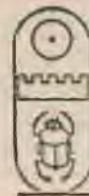
Colombe Thelma was grateful every hour of the trip for the privileges that had come to her through the generosity of our members, and it is needless to say that all of us as Supreme Officers are deeply grateful for these courtesies made possible by the members of the organization who learned of the opportunity they had in helping in this manner, and participated so kindly.

Of course, another outstanding event was the radiogram I received while our ship was at sea en route from the East to Nice, France, where we had planned to spend a week. That radiogram invited my wife and myself, accompanied by the Supreme Officers, to a special reception granted to us by Mr. Mussolini in the Palace of Venezia in Rome. We had to call a hurried meeting at eleven o'clock at night, and it was amusing to see how the members responded to the sudden and unexpected call in pajamas, robes, and other miscellaneous attire, and although most of them were drowsy and half asleep, they quickly awakened at the news and agreed that they would accompany us in a body to Rome, and abandon three of the seven days we had planned to spend in Nice. We had already visited Rome, and this detour in our itinerary represented a cost in money and in effort, and in tiresome travel of an entire day. And so we cut short our visit in Nice after enjoying many wonderful sights, and went to Rome and participated in a number of important ceremonies in the one afternoon and evening. All who were present at the time (practically every member of the party) received later a large size photograph of the group with Mr. Mussolini and my family and myself standing in the center of the group. It was unanimously agreed later that what we had learned, observed, and witnessed in Italy most certainly contradicted all that

we had read and heard in America through the newspaper and magazine propaganda. And we did not base our opinions on what was told to us by any propagandists in Italy, but on what we actually saw, and which could not have been prearranged. It was the only country of all those we visited where we found real courtesy, kindness, a genuine spirit of optimism and hopefulness, a complete absence of war talk and war preparation, and a manifest desire for peace, and good will toward tourists of every land.

The reception of the Rosicrucians by Mr. Mussolini, and the fine talk that he made as an address to your Emperor and the Supreme Officers, the fine things that he said about the Rosicrucians and the AMORC, his many references to its history and its activities which he said he had investigated for some time, and his wholehearted welcome to Rosicrucians and Rosicrucianism, constitute some of the remarkable elements of growth and development of the Order in Europe. It will have a greater effect upon Rosicrucianism in Europe than any of our members can suspect at the present time.

Another honor that many look upon as one which I should consider a very personal thing, but which I shall always feel is like many others that have come to me—a greater honor to the Order—was the invitation I received while in Egypt to participate in an initiation of a unique nature by which I was admitted into a knighthood order of Egypt and decorated with a medal and ribbon, and given the title of "Prince of the Nile." This title and decoration has never been conferred upon an American citizen or any other than an Egyptian citizen heretofore. The several cases in the past when I have received knighthood titles in other countries—including the United States of America—have made me feel that these honors are really a compliment to our organization. I prefer to take an impersonal view of them, and I always feel like congratulating our members on assisting us in maintaining such high ideals and wholesome practices and constructive services as have warranted this recognition of the Order and its officers on the part of



the various knighthoods and distinguished organizations of various kinds.

Our visit in Venice and our hours on the canals in gondolas and otherwise represented a very fascinating feature of the tour, and despite the fact that it was wintertime, or early spring, the weather was fairly mild, and we were given an opportunity of witnessing the overflow of the canals on one occasion.

Our visits to many temples, synagogues, cathedrals, historical museums, grottos, caves, shrines, and places of unusual historical and mystical interest, kept our daytime hours quite busy; while on the other hand, there were Rosicrucian lectures, Forum sessions, sight-seeing lectures, mystical explanations, moving pictures, and amusements of all kinds to fill our evening hours.

Three times we visited Naples and went around and through the country of Italy, and then finally, on March 14, my family and a few of the officers and I separated from the main body of the tour and began an independent journey through Europe visiting the various national headquarters of the Order, and attending banquets and special sessions that had been arranged for us by the Rosicrucian Order, the Martinist Order, and the Federation of FUDOSI, and meetings of allied organizations and their leaders and Grand Councillors. For forty or forty-five days we journeyed through many parts of Europe including Switzerland, Germany, France, England, Holland, Belgium, and returned through some of these again to board the steamer *Rex* of the Italian Line on April 29 at Villefranche, France.

In all of the countries where the Rosicrucian Order is active, we found pleasant reading rooms, temples, and assembly places, and very active members, highly enthused and working as diligently as our members here in America. In Egypt the AMORC information bureau is in the heart of the city, and it became the central meeting place of all of our members while out on sight-seeing tours. It was here that all of the members received, on their first visit to the city of Cairo, a souvenir in the form of a pretty little box containing a rare scarab. Then later each member received a bottle of Egyptian or mystical

perfume, incense, and there were even flowers for the ladies on their departure.

One of the interesting things noted by all of the members was that Rosicrucianism and the Order of AMORC and its Supreme Officers were very well known in practically every city and country where the Order has been in existence. Officers, members, and in many cases city and national dignitaries or officials, met the Emperor and his official group who were introduced to the general membership, or to the highest members in private sessions. In Egypt the Grand Secretary made it his business to devote his time throughout the week to escorting the tourists individually and collectively to various parts of the city and to introducing them to high officials and to many secret places.

In Switzerland the Grand Lodge entertained us with a banquet, and then with a very wonderful mystical session in their beautiful temple, the walls and ceilings of which were frescoed with the colorful mystical designs that are to be found in that great book called *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*. The Grand Master, Dr. Bertholet, and his staff of officers were extremely courteous in entertaining us, and made our visit to Lausanne very helpful and inspiring.

In Paris there were a number of important sessions and meetings attended by our officials, and in Brussels again there was a great banquet with a hundred or more present, with many interesting speeches.

In London the large Rosicrucian Sunshine Circle of the English jurisdiction of AMORC tendered our party a banquet at which there were several hundred present in the famous crown room where a very large picture was taken, affording all of our members a beautiful souvenir of the occasion. Here we met the Grand Master Raymund Andrea, and Frater Michaud, and Frater James, and others who are so well known in the English jurisdiction, and they wished me to extend to all of our members their personal greetings. Once again it was a rare pleasure to spend many golden minutes with Frater Raymund Andrea.

While we were in London I was asked to deliver a lecture on Rosicrucianism before the Bacon Society of England of which I am the only American Vice-President, and this meeting was held by special arrangement in the historical room in which many of Francis Bacon's meetings were held, and on the very grounds where the ancient Rosicrucians held many ceremonies. On the wall of this room hung a portrait signed at the bottom as of the Grand Master of the Rosicrucian Order that met in that room during the early part of the seventeenth century.

In London we also visited the editorial rooms of that new and wonderful magazine called *The Modern Mystic*, and enjoyed the usual afternoon tea. No matter where you go in London—store, theater, office, hotel lobby, or open market, tea is served in the afternoon as part of the regular routine of daily affairs. While at first this may seem to be quite a disturbing feature in the business scheme of things, it gradually becomes enjoyable and by the time we were ready to leave England we had quite decided that America might improve its business-social relations by having afternoon teas!

The main body of touring members who returned to America ahead of the Emperor and his group, had a voyage of more or less rainy weather, but those who came back on the *Rex*, leaving France on April 29, had a sea that was as smooth as a lake for the entire seven days, and weather that was as delightful and balmy as even a day in California. We enjoyed every feature of the magnificent decks, salons, outdoor swimming pool, library, and every other feature of the first class section of the *Rex*, and it certainly made a happy ending to a long tour.

Many of the members had departed from the main body of tourists in the middle of March, and had gone up and visited some of our branches and grand lodges individually and in small groups. We were surprised to find at the banquet a few of the members to whom we had said farewell on the occasion of our departure from the main tour on March 14. Upon our return to America we met many others in New York who told us that they too had attended sessions of

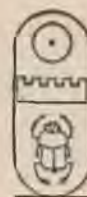
Rosicrucian lodges in Europe, and had contacted many members in various cities.

After a visit of four or five days in New York our official group of seven returned to California ending a hundred and nine day absence from San Jose.

We were glad to get back and be at work again, and to assist in the preparations for the convention and the opening of the Rose-Croix University summer courses. As is usual with all of my personal and other group tours to Europe, I had to buy additional luggage and trunks in order to bring back the many books, manuscripts, and rare documents that I obtained at the various Rosicrucian archives throughout Europe and Egypt. Even in Palestine I was able to contact the secret archives and obtain rare papers that will serve us magnificently in our work here in America.

Just before my departure from the main body of tourists on March 14, while approaching the Bay of Naples, a meeting was held in the evening by all the tourist members, and two wonderful resolutions were passed unanimously, and then signed by all of the members of the touring party. In these resolutions the members thanked AMORC and its officials for their conduction of the tour, and the many special gifts and surprising special features that had been added to the itinerary, and for the benefits they had received throughout the tour. In one of the resolutions it was definitely stated that all of the members felt that they had received far more in travel, sightseeing, accommodations, entertainment, and instruction than they could possibly have paid for in dollars and cents through any other form of cruising or touring. They agreed that it was the most economically priced, most perfectly conducted and inspiring tour that any had ever taken, and a great many of those present had toured Europe several times before and were familiar with methods of travel and sightseeing in foreign lands.

Throughout the tour there was the utmost harmony and peace, and I want to take this occasion again to express to the members of that tour my appreciation of their kindnesses, and especially



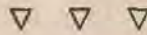
of their many and constant demonstrations of the Rosicrucian spirit.

Our members on this tour represented every walk and position and condition of life in America, Canada, and other countries, and they were always kind and considerate, cultured and refined, appreciative and cooperative. I do not think that we ever associated with a finer body of men and women at any time in our lives. In many cities comment was made by the hotel managers, by the conductors of sight-seeing tours, by city officials, and others, that our group of approximately one hundred and fifty persons was the most intelligent, refined, and well-mannered body of tourists that they have ever contacted or had to deal with.

Certainly the 1937 Rosicrucian tour to mystic lands, and mystic places ended gloriously, and every member has much to recall for years to come, and a marvelous amount of inspiration and instruction to assist in his journey along the path of life.

But all of our other members who remained at home and were not able to be with us will receive benefits directly and indirectly through the lectures and monographs, articles and pictures that will be presented to them throughout the magazine and otherwise in the months and years to come, and we all look forward to the day, some time in the future, when another tour of this kind may be conducted by our organization, and when many who stayed at home this time may join us.

AMORC has distinguished itself in the past years not only by its contributions toward excavation and exploration funds in mystic lands, by its support of investigations and researches, but by actually conducting tours of this kind into foreign lands and revealing to its members the so-called secret and hidden places that are little known and little suspected by those who are students of other organizations. In fact, AMORC is the only organization of its kind in America that has so consistently offered this service and this help to its members.



OUR DEBT TO THE PAST

(Continued from Page 264)

there has been in literature since the time of Shakespeare. There has been a greater advance in our knowledge of the body of man in this generation than there has been of the moral law since the Sermon on the Mount. Beyond the domain of the natural sciences the complexities are enormous. Never are conditions in the humanities even approximately duplicated. Consequently, there do not exist in those fields the simple laws of the natural sciences. Into this complex, little-understood world, in which the minds and emotions of men are paramount factors, the natural sciences are pouring their amazing products. Although each physical product be simple itself, it may multiply enormously the complexity of the already complex social machine. For example, the automobile has created more inter-

dependencies among our people than existed altogether thirty years ago.

"There has often been an aloofness on the part of those who work in the natural sciences from the remainder of the world. Sometimes we have heard boasts that the results of an investigation never could be put to a practical use. Although the richest rewards of scientific research are esthetic, the pure joy of discovery, yet that fact does not justify any touch of snobbery on the part of scientists, for other men may get similar pure enjoyment out of the things they do. No one is qualified to say that what he does is in any way more important, except to himself, than what another one may be doing. There is no good reason for thinking that the fields of honest endeavor, however much they may differ otherwise, are on essentially different levels."

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PAGES from the PAST



EPICTETUS

Each month we will present excerpts from the writings of famous thinkers and teachers of the past. These will give our readers an opportunity of knowing their lives through the presentation of those writings which typify their thoughts. Occasionally such writings will be presented through the translation or interpretation of other eminent authors of the past. This month we present some of the Golden sayings of Epictetus, as translated by Hastings Crossley.

Epictetus, one of the great authorities on stoic philosophy, was born at Hierapolis, Phrygia, about the middle of the first century A. D. In his youth he was a slave in Rome, and it is said that his lameness—the only physical characteristic of his which was recorded—was caused by the cruelty of his master. Origen records that, when he was being tortured, Epictetus said calmly: "You will break my leg," and when it broke, just as quietly, "Didn't I tell you?"

He learned the principles of Stoic philosophy through the lectures of the famous Roman teacher Musonius Rufus. After his emancipation he taught this system in Rome until about the year 90 when the emperor Domitian banished all philosophers. Epictetus then established a school at Nicopolis, in what is now Albania, and gained a high reputation through his discourses. He taught only by means of conversation and lectures, and of these we have only the portions which were written down by his favorite pupil, Arrian, who later became the historian of Alexander the Great.

The time and manner of Epictetus' death are unknown but one feels that they were unimportant even to himself, and that, with the same attitude which he had fostered in his pupils, he departed assured: "... that He is sounding the retreat, that He hath opened the door, and is saying to thee, Come!"



W H A T saith God? — "Had it been possible, Epictetus, I would have made both that body of thine and thy possessions free and unimpeded, but as it is, be not deceived:—it is not thine own; it is but finely tempered clay. Since then this I

could not do, I have given thee a portion of Myself, in the power of desiring and declining and of pursuing and avoiding, and in a word the power of dealing with the things of sense. And if thou neglect not this, but place all that thou hast therein, thou shalt never be let or hindered; thou shalt never lament; thou shalt not blame or flatter any.

What then? Seemeth this to thee a little thing? — God forbid! — "Be content then therewith!"

And so I pray the Gods.

IX. If a man could be thoroughly penetrated, as he ought, with this thought, that we are all in an especial manner sprung from God, and that God is the Father of men as well as of Gods, full surely he could never conceive aught ignoble or base of himself. Whereas if Caesar were to adopt you, your haughty looks would be intolerable; will you not be elated at knowing that you are the son of God? Now however it is not so with us: but seeing that in our birth these two things are commingled—the body which we share with the animals, and the Reason and Thought which we share with the Gods, many decline towards this unhappy kinship with the dead, few rise to the blessed kinship with the Divine. Since then everyone



must deal with each thing according to the view which he forms about it, those few who hold that they are born for fidelity, modesty, and unerring sureness in dealing with the things of sense, never conceive aught base or ignoble of themselves; but the multitude the contrary. Why, what am I?—A wretched human creature; with this miserable flesh of mine. Miserable indeed! but you have something better than that paltry flesh of yours. Why then cling to the one, and neglect the other?

XIII. But God hath introduced Man to be a spectator of Himself and of His works; and not a spectator only, but also an interpreter of them. Wherefore it is a shame for man to begin and to leave off where the brutes do. Rather he should begin there, and leave off where Nature leaves off in us: and that is at contemplation, and understanding, and a manner of life that is in harmony with herself.

See then that ye die not without being spectators of these things.

XVI. He that hath grasped the administration of the World, who hath learned that this Community, which consists of God and men, is the foremost and mightiest and most comprehensive of all: — that from God have descended the germs of life, not to my father only and father's father, but to all things that are born and grow upon the earth, and in an especial manner to those endowed with Reason (for those only are by their nature fitted to hold communion with God, being by means of Reason conjoined with Him)—why should not such an one call himself a citizen of the world? Why not a son of God? Why should he fear aught that comes to pass among men? Shall kinship with Caesar, or any other of the great at Rome, be enough to hedge men around with safety and consideration, without a thought of apprehension; while to have God for our Maker, and Father, and Kinsman, shall not this set us free from sorrows and fears?

XX. Seeing this then and noting well the faculties which you have, you should say,—“Send now, O God, any trial that Thou wilt; lo, I have means and powers given me by Thee to acquit myself with honour through whatever comes to pass!”—No; but there you sit, trembling for fear certain things should come to

pass, and moaning and groaning and lamenting over what does come to pass. And then you upbraid the Gods. Such meanness of spirit can have but one result—impiety.

Yet God has not only given us these faculties by means of which we may bear everything that comes to pass without being crushed or depressed thereby; but like a good King and Father, He has given us this without let or hindrance, placed wholly at our own disposition, without reserving to Himself any power of impediment or restraint. Though possessing all these things free and all your own, you do not use them! you do not perceive what it is you have received nor whence it comes, but sit moaning and groaning; some of you blind to the Giver, making no acknowledgement to your Benefactor; others basely giving themselves to complaints and accusations against God.

Yet what faculties and powers you possess for attaining courage and greatness of heart, I can easily show you; what you have for upbraiding and accusation, it is for you to show me!

XXX. You must know that it is no easy thing for a principle to become a man's own, unless each day he maintain it and hear it maintained, as well as work it out in life.

XXXV. When we are invited to a banquet we take what is set before us; and were one to call upon his host to set fish upon the table or sweet things, he would be deemed absurd. Yet in a word, we ask the Gods for what they do not give; and that, although they have given us so many things!

XLI. What you shun enduring yourself, attempt not to impose on others. You shun slavery—beware of enslaving others! If you can endure to do that, one would think you had been once upon a time a slave yourself. For Vice has nothing in common with virtue, nor Freedom with slavery.

LXV. When a youth was giving himself airs in the Theatre and saying, “I am wise, for I have conversed with many wise men,” Epictetus replied, “I too have conversed with many rich men, yet I am not rich!”

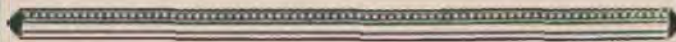
LXXXVII. The husbandman deals with land; physicians and trainers with the body; the wise man with his own Mind.

XCVIII. Nevertheless a man should also be prepared to be sufficient unto himself — to dwell with himself alone, even as God dwells with Himself alone, shares His repose with none, and considers the nature of His own administration, intent upon such thoughts as are meet unto Himself. So should we also be able to converse with ourselves, to need none else beside, to sigh for no distraction, to bend our thoughts upon the Divine Administration, and how we stand related to all else; to observe how human accidents touched us of old, and how they touch us now; what things they are that still have power to hurt us, and how they may be cured or removed; to perfect what needs perfecting as Reason would direct.

CXXXIV. To a good man there is no evil, either in life or death. And if God supply not food, has He not, as a wise Commander, sounded the signal for retreat and nothing more? I obey, I follow—speaking good of my Commander, and praising His acts. For at His good pleasure I came; and I depart when it pleases Him; and while I was yet alive that was my work, to sing praises unto God!

CXXXV. Reflect that the chief source of all evils to Man, and of baseness and cowardice, is not death, but the *fear* of death.

Against this fear then, I pray you, harden yourself; to this let all your reasonings, your exercises, your reading tend. Then shall you know that thus alone are men set free.



ANCIENT SYMBOLISM



Man, when conscious of an eternal truth, has ever symbolized it so that the human consciousness could forever have realization of it. Nations, languages and customs have changed, but these ancient designs continue to illuminate mankind with their mystic light. For those who are seeking light, each month we will reproduce a symbol or symbols, with their ancient meaning.

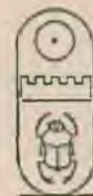


PILLARS OF LEARNING

In this small allegorical illustration is contained a wealth of philosophical truth.

In the upper left-hand corner are two columns which form a portal. The columns allude to wisdom and the stability of knowledge. All who wish to live a greater and higher life must pass through this portal, or, in other words, acquire knowledge. On the right may be seen the

ruins of a structure, representing decaying civilization. In the foreground is a wild beast devouring refuse; the beast depicts a degenerate people looking for bits of happiness in the debris of society. The man in the center-foreground is exhorting the beast — the fallen people — to look upward and to enter the portal of wisdom and thus find the greater pleasures of mind.





SANCTUM MUSINGS

BROTHERHOOD

By THOR KIIMALEHTO, *Sovereign Grand Master*



AT TIMES the opportunity to render unusual service lies right at our door. We may not have the opportunity to do the spectacular thing that depends upon wealth or extraordinary skill. We may not have the opportunity to build the greatest

bridge in the world, endow an experimental school in education, or perform an unusual operation. Fortunately for most of us who cannot as yet aspire to such heights, life affords innumerable occasions to do the little things that may mean much in the life of a friend or a neighbor.

One very important reason why many people join the Rosicrucian Order is that they seek friends and acquaintances of a higher type. Don't you think, Brothers and Sisters, that this reason is just as legitimate as that of gaining health or learning how to find your right place in life? We may as well frankly admit that superior people cannot fit easily into an average environment. There are many persons who are the only one in an entire family who loves to study or read, or who loves

music or art, or who wants to lead a more refined or spiritual life. These people do not desire to shirk their duties and responsibilities. One weary day after another passes in the most sordid and uninspiring environment. Any attempt on their part to raise people to their level is met with jests and jibes and a stream of sarcasm. Have not these people a right to seek congenial friends? Shall we say that they are wrong when they seek them in the Order? Do you think that it is in accordance with the spirit of our teachings to maintain that the aim of the Order is merely to teach people how to help themselves? Don't you think that the Order is more than a system of instruction? That it is also a brotherhood in the full meaning of that beautiful word?

Do you remember, Brothers and Sisters, just how you felt when you first heard of the Rosicrucian Order? Did you not enter with the most eager expectations and liveliest hopes? Did you not await your first contact with real Rosicrucians with a beating heart? I remember well my first reaction. I had read of the wonderful knowledge in the possession of the Order. I had read of the great men of old who had been brothers of the Order. I discovered that glorious volume of Marie Corelli, "Life Everlasting," and my soul soared to the heights. This was the world of my

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dreams. This was Heaven upon earth. Such were men and women worthy of the name. I read and reread that volume until I knew it practically by heart. The man whom I admired most, the hero of my dreams, the companion of my waking hours, was the character whom the Order depicted as a typical Rosicrucian Master—Aselzion. One of my burning desires as a young member was to find Aselzion.

To me a Rosicrucian was a superior being, one of God's elect. He loved all wisdom, lived a life of humility and service, and was a brother to every suffering soul. He understood all difficulties and problems. You did not even have to talk. He looked and he knew. He sensed just where the ache was in your heart. He knew just the right word to say and allay it.

It was fortunate that for years I had to work alone and came into intimate contact with no member of the Rosicrucian Order. By the time I did I had developed to the point where I had learned to take people as they are and to adjust myself to their level of understanding.

Think, Friends, of the shattering disillusionment such an ardent soul experiences who, after months and perhaps years of planning, actually manages to attend a Chapter meeting. He expects sympathy, understanding, warmth, love of art and music and science, and above all, friends—hosts of gentle, kind, courteous friends, each and every one a beautiful and superior soul. How frequently does his dream world crash at his feet. Of course, Brothers and Sisters, we are all aware of the fact that our visionary idealist must learn to be more sensible and realistic. He learned that bitter lesson a long time ago in the world. He did not think he would have to learn it all over again in the ranks of the Order.

Our young members, I know, should be given plenty of time to orient themselves to the ideals and standards of the Order. Even they can frequently adjust themselves with great rapidity, having learned the law of love in other schools of thought. But surely, Brothers and Sisters, have we not the right to expect a little more from members who have been with us for five years or more? By that time you should know

the importance of cultivating extrovert qualities. You should realize that it is one of your duties to be interested in other people and to take the initiative in contacts with them.

You should no longer be diffident in approaching the newcomer and making him feel at home. You should never permit anyone to sit alone looking uncomfortable and forlorn. If there is no group to which you can introduce the person, then take it upon yourself to act as host and guide. Sit down beside him and find out what his personal problems and interests are. With the right kind of questions you can easily get him to unburden himself. Very frequently all that will be necessary will be that you act as a sympathetic listener. You may have come to the Chapter that day to read a book, or to talk to a friend, or to spend an hour in peaceful meditation. Here is a human being who needs you. Here is a test of brotherly love that God Himself has sent. Here is a test of your sympathy, kindness and tact. Here is a test of your soul development as much as any psychic or occult test. See how successfully you can minister to that groping soul! That is one of our major purposes—to train you to be of service to mankind. As you develop mentally and emotionally and spiritually, your understanding improves, your sensitivity becomes more apparent, and your intuition becomes more reliable. You can learn only through practice and experience. You will be aware of your development only through practice and experience.

Those of you who work together day in and day out should be more than fellow-workers and casual acquaintances. You can invite each other to tea. You can remember each other on birthdays and on special occasions. You can visit each other when ill or in bereavement. When a member has attended regularly for weeks and even months, and then is absent, should you not call up to find out the reason? You can make newcomers feel that they have indeed entered a new family, and that they have found true brothers and sisters such as they thought never existed in the world.

Do you think that expenditure of time and money and effort wasted? Perish the thought. As Elbert Hubbard



said: "Only that is truly yours that you have given away." No loving word or thought or deed can ever possibly be wasted. Perhaps you have heard the beautiful poem by Robert Browning, *Pippa Passes*. A little mill girl on her one vacation in the year passes through the town singing, and her gay song has a decisive effect on three people, each of whom is experiencing, at the moment, a crisis. As Emerson said:

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed
has lent."

One never knows from what source blessings may come. One never knows what part a human being contacted most casually in the course of daily routine is destined to play in one man's life. One never knows when one entertains an angel unawares. Not that we should do good for the sake of reward. Such a thought is indeed unworthy of a student of the Path. But so is the world constituted. Such is the moral law. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee after many days." Such is the only way to compensate for many mistakes of the past. Such is the surest way of rising above the pangs of outrageous fortune. Such is the most direct way of expressing God in one's life. "Bear ye one another's burdens," said the gentlest master of them all.

There is no more poignant emotion than that of regret. It can break the spirit and darken life. To realize a situation in a totally unexpected light, to be aware of the word you might have spoken, of the little deed you might have done, are heart-breaking experiences. In the press of innumerable activities, in the multitude of souls about us, we are

often unable to tell who needs us most or what duty should be attended to first. The only safe rule is to be just as helpful as we can to each and every one we contact, and let experience and intuition be our guides. The important thing is that we should make a decided effort to be genuinely interested in other people.

How wonderful to know that your little gift brought a smile to the lips of a despondent soul! How rewarding to know that your invitation was an event in a lonely person's life! What joy to know that the word you uttered, the little courtesy you extended, the little help you offered, was like a cup of cold water to a weary traveller in a parched land. Friends, there is so much discouragement on every side. So many souls are bewildered, crushed, and wherever you turn you find unhappiness, illness, and poverty. Some day, of course, all men will function in a harmonious society. Some day all people will know how to take care of themselves and illness will be a thing of the past. Some day poverty will be banished. But in the meanwhile, let us not close our eyes or stop our ears. Let us not stop to blame. Let us not say harshly, "You brought this upon yourself—you must suffer the consequences." Rather, with the utmost compassion, let us speak very gently, and let us act quickly, and let us tread very softly to bind up the wounds and support the stumbling and strengthen the weary-hearted.

Let us indeed be children of the light. Let the love in our hearts radiate to all whom we contact. Of all the virtues, love is supreme. Without it we are as tinkling brass and cymbals.

SEATTLE ROSICRUCIAN RADIO BROADCAST

We are pleased to announce the beginning of a series of radio broadcasts over a number of leading stations. We have just completed programs over radio station KFRC in San Francisco; and beginning *Saturday, August 7*, we will broadcast daily at 8:45 p. m. over radio station KJR at Seattle, Wash.—309.1 meters or 907 kilocycles.

These programs are exceptionally interesting to members and their friends and acquaintances. They consist of a series of discourses entitled "*The Mysteries of Life*." Each discourse is complete in itself, helpful and inspiring, and the program also includes a splendid musical arrangement. *Try and have as many of your friends and acquaintances as possible listen in.*

Watch for announcements of Rosicrucian, AMORC broadcasts in other parts of the United States.

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DESERT POLICE

Designated police, these Bedouins patrol the great Syrian and Iraq deserts. Their mode of living and customs have not changed in centuries. Instead of being members of marauding bands who prey upon caravans and travellers alike, they are commissioned to protect life and property in the great wastes of Mesopotamia and surrounding territory. Although equipped with modern firearms, their accoutrement includes the native dirk, upon which they depend. This group was filmed in an Arab village between Baghdad and Ctesiphon.

(Filmed by AMORC Camera Expedition.)



THE CANYON OF LIFE WHAT LIES BEYOND?

HAVE you ever, in the stillness of night, alone, gazed at the heavens overhead? There, in solitude, one is impressed with the majesty of the universe and the relative insignificance of man. We glory in our conquests of nature, our mastery of the elements, and in our stupendous civilization, yet how trivial these are, for they are limited to the sphere upon which we exist. In comparison with the vast canopy overhead, our earth is but a grain of sand in an infinite sea. Our achievements are but the control of an immediate environment, like ants tugging at a blade of grass. This mysterious vault above contains the answer, not alone to the reason of the universe, but it also contains the answer to the eternal question—why, man?

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The Order is internationally known as AMORC (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America, and all other lands, constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body having representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings, but gives them freely to all affiliated members, together with many other benefits.

Inquirers seeking to know the history, purposes, and practical benefits that they may receive from Rosicrucian association, are invited to send for the free book, "The Secret Heritage." Address, Friar S. P. C., care of

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(Directory Continued on Next Page)

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